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CHANGING SCENES IN BELLINGHAM



BEFORE

1962
Dry-Cement plant--Depot Street
(owned by Cliff Grover)
tank held 5 carloads of dry cement
dispersed by trailer trucks

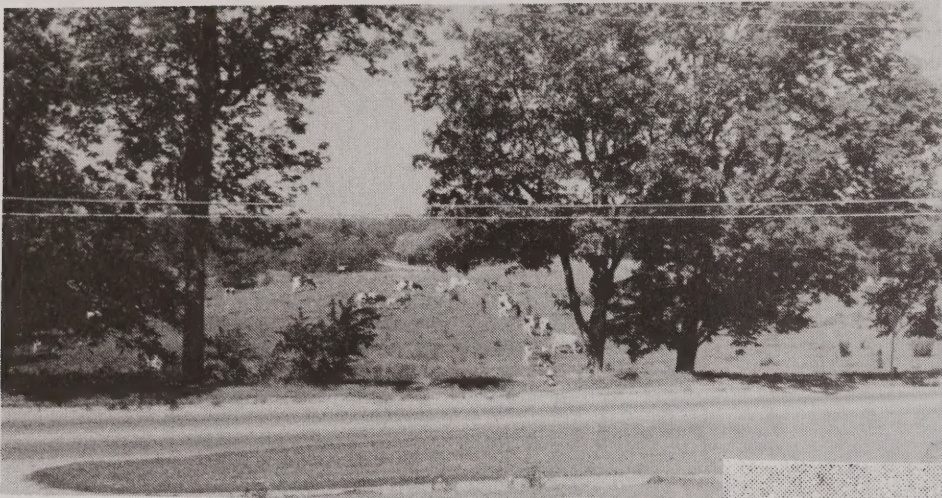
AFTER

1990s
IEC-Depot St.
Bellingham Ctr.
Inter-Continental
Energy Corp.

(Co-Generation plant)



The Emergence of BELLINGHAM TOWN COMMON



Walnut Farm pastureland
leading up to 1960s

Ground-clearing for Almacs
1965



ALMAC SHOPPING CENTER SITE



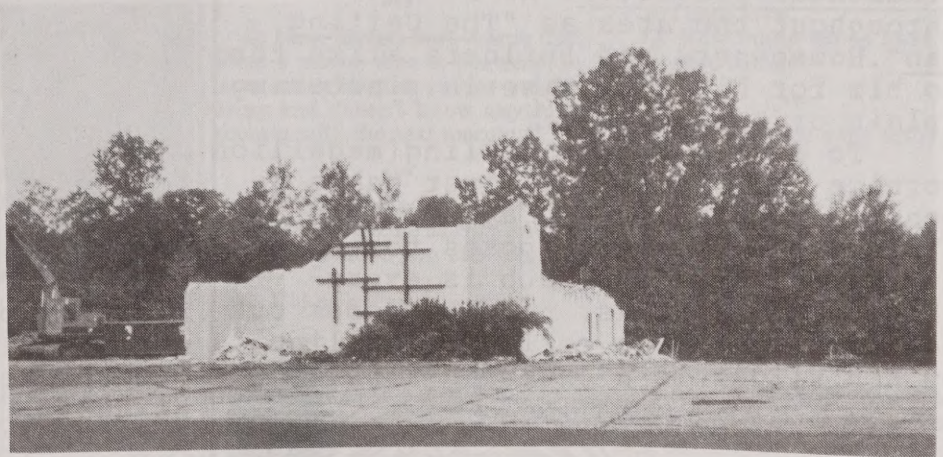
Almac's Super Market
(1st in town)
1968-1995





Demolition of Almacs
1996

Last Remaining Vestiges
of Almacs
1996



Proposed Town Common
(Architect's rendering)
1997-1998

"THE CEILING MAN"

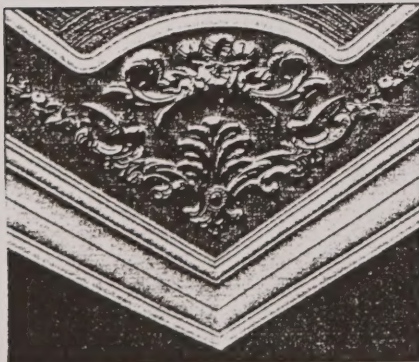
In past issues we've been showcasing Prominent Citizens of the Past. Now we'd like to highlight some current notable citizens. One of our current artisans is KEN WILDES. He was born and raised in Bellingham. After graduating from high school in 1970, he happened to meet a builder who offered him some work in plastering. He accepted the job and 5 years later started his own plastering company. He currently lives in an old farmhouse in town, with no ornamental plaster work, but that in no way hinders his work.

In 1990 during a tour of some Newport mansions, he was inspired by the decorative detailing in the ceiling and thought "I can do that". Thus sprang a new facet of his career as ornamental plasterer. He is known throughout the area as "The Ceiling Man". Homeowners and builders alike turn to him for his expertise in plastering (plain or ornamental).

To design a full ceiling (medallion, cornice and frieze) he first makes a pencil sketch. He uses a compass and string, and then transposes to a grid. Mr. Wildes says "the math is everything". "If it works, the job comes out beautifully." Each ceiling medallion by Ken Wildes is a one-of-a-kind.



20-inch ceiling medallion



A cornice

some examples of his work..



Not only is he one of the few ornamental plasterers around, he says "There aren't any old-timers around nowadays to pass along this knowledge. I've had to teach myself everything." Ornamental plasterwork is 'sculpted plaster'. He makes many of his own rubber molds, even his own tools. He uses a cake decorator kit for rosettes and leaves which can later be assembled into wreaths or garlands.

"Robert Adams toured Europe" Wildes says of the great 18th century designer, "and I tour libraries". He is constantly studying this specialized form of decorative art. He is currently waiting to hear from the Newport Preservation Society--hopefully he will restore the plasterwork in the library at Rosecliff, one of Newport's fabled mansions.

Locally, the work of Ken Wildes can be seen in the entryway of Grumpy's Restaurant on Pulaski Blvd.

Perhaps his most beautiful design is the ornamental rose ceiling medallion created for an 1820 Victorian house. Each rose was handmade

and sculpted from clay.
He created a music room for Ruth Pointer-
er(of the Pointer Sisters)



A music medallion that Wildes created for Ruth Pointer's piano room includes lyre, horn and flute.

With his fine-tuned art work, Ken Wildes seems to have found his destiny. He divides his time between new construction and restoration. If you're interested in hiring him to do some work for you, you'll have to get on his 'waiting list'. Fortunately for him, the list is long..."On weekends", he says "when I do most of my work, I switch from listening to my crew's heavy rock station to classical music and lose myself in creating designs."

Ken Wildes is a citizen that Bellingham should be proud of.....



ETA

There is so much good in the
worst of us,
And so much bad in the best
of us,
That is hardly becomes any
of us
To talk about the rest of us.
Edward Wallis Hoch

One of our readers recently had a streak of bad luck and told me some of the questions they were asked. It brought to mind the following clipping I had save from Dear Abby's column.
F.M.M.

Courtroom Gaffes Provide Chance to Laugh at Lawyers

by Abigail Van Buren

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DEAR READERS: And you thought there was nothing funny about the law. David Broome of Phoenix sent me something that may change your mind. These are questions (taken from official U.S. court records) lawyers have put to people on the stand:

Question: Was that the same nose you broke as a child?

Q: Now, doctor, isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep, in most cases he just passes quietly away and doesn't know anything about it until the next morning?

Q: What happened then?

A: He told me, he says, "I have to kill you because you can identify me."

Q: Did he kill you?

Q: Was it you or your brother that was killed in the war?

Q: The youngest son, the 20-year-old, how old is he?

Q: Were you alone or by yourself?

Q: How long have you been a French Canadian?

Q: Do you have any children or anything of that kind?

Q: I show you Exhibit 3 and ask you if you recognize that picture.

A: That's me.

Q: Were you present when that picture was taken?

Q: Were you present in court this morning when you were sworn in?

Q: Now, Mrs. Johnson, how was your first marriage terminated?

A: By death.

Q: And by whose death was it terminated?

Q: Do you know how far pregnant you are now?

A: I'll be three months on Nov. 8.

Q: Apparently then, the date of conception was Aug. 8?

A: Yes.

Q: What were you doing at that time?

Q: Mrs. Jones, do you believe you are emotionally stable?

A: I used to be.

Q: How many times have you committed suicide?

Q: So you were gone until you returned?

Q: She had three children, right?

A: Yes.

Q: How many were boys?

A: None.

Q: Were there girls?

Q: You don't know what it was, and you didn't know what it looked like, but can you describe it?

Q: You say that the stairs went down to the basement?

A: Yes.

Q: And these stairs, did they go up also?

Q: Have you lived in this town all your life?

A: Not yet.

Q: Do you recall approximately the time that you examined the body of Mr. Edington at the Rose Chapel?

A: It was in the evening. The autopsy started about 8:30 p.m.

Q: And Mr. Edington was dead at the time, is that correct?

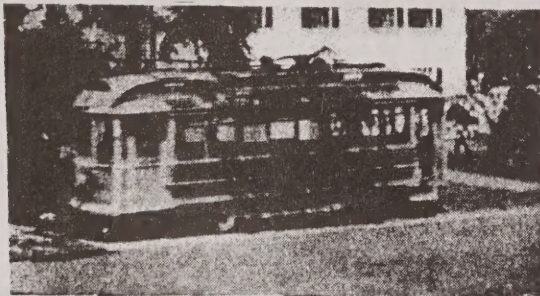


From our files

THERE WON'T BE A NEXT TIME

No, there won't be a next time for the exciting era of trolley cars in Bellingham. But we did have them--not just one company, but two!

The street railway story in our town began in 1897 when a franchise was granted by the Selectmen to the Milford, Holliston and Framingham Street Railway Company to lay tracks from the Medway line in Caryville to Milford. Part of this line is now Stone St. in Caryville. The following year, a franchise was granted to the Milford, Attleboro and Woonsocket Street Railway Company to lay rails from the tracks of the Milford-Framingham Company, beginning at the present Stone St; up Hartford Ave. and then Maple St. to the Four Corners and Mechanic St. to the Franklin town line. Another line ran via South Maple St. and Center St. to the Blackstone line. Interestingly, the Caryville to North Bellingham tracks stopped on Maple St. where the steam railway tracks crossed. Passengers had to walk across the tracks to board another car. This line also had a great deal of trouble with abutters whose lawns extended as much as 20 feet out onto the town highway boundary lines!



Another track ran from the Four Corners via Mechanic and Mendon Sts. to the corner of the present Warren Crimmings house. Then they went over private land to the Mendon town line and thence to Milford. September 6, 1900 was the day the first of the trolleys ran to Milford and among the first Passengers were Mrs. Francis Thayer and son, Earl. The last car to Milford ran on October 3, 1924 and by 1925, all trolleys ceased to run in Bellingham.

Weekends were especially busy with traffic to Hoag Lake (Silver Lake) and to Lake Pearl in Wrentham where dances were held with famous orchestras and picnics galore in both places. Young and old enjoyed the open cars in summer and heated cars in winter. It cost only a nickle to ride and many children went to school on the trolleys. People also flocked to Nipmuck Park in Mendon to

see famous stars like Fred Allen in the well build theater there with the tin roof. Allen's wife, the late Portland Hoffa, made her first public debut in this theater, which has since been torn down.

THE BEGINNINGS

Have you ever wondered how certain famous ads and slogans came about? Take, for instance, the very famous Victor Phonograph ad showing the little dog listening at a tin horn to his master's voice. This dog actually lived in the 1800's and was a fat little fox terrier with the name of Nipper. His owner died in the 1890's and a brother, Francis Barraud, a London artist, took the dog in. One day, he saw Nipper intently looking into the large tin speaker of an early type gramophone. Barraud saw in this a painting of the type then popular. The picture, when completed was titled, "His Master's Voice" and showed the faithful dog by the gramophone with his dead master in an open coffin the background.

The Gramophone Company had lent Barraud a shiny new brass instrument for the painting and on seeing the completed work, the Company was so pleased that it bought the painting and persuaded the artist to paint out the coffin and its occupant. In 1901, the rights to the use of the "Nipper" painting were gotten by the Victor Talking Machine Company and a center page spread advertisement using Nipper appeared in the Saturday Evening Post of April 25, 1903, and soon Nipper became one of the world's best known trademarks.

The Gramophone Company thought so much of the Nipper Painting that they gave strict orders to the Company's firemen that the first thing they were to do in case of fire was to carry out the original painting from its place of honor on the wall of the Board of Directors room.

Sadly, the Nipper ad, (now the property of RCA) faces a bleak future as a whole new generation will probably wonder what that strange machine is, so unlike the present day phonograph, CD players etc., that the dog is listening to with so much attention.



High School Pictures 1940s
(courtesy-Beulah(Rhodes)Milliard



Florence Bernier-Annette Remillard
Millie Brooks-Bertha Richards-Hazel White



Rita Chapedelaine-Doris Cowen



Jeanne Thayer



Blanche Powers,Ruth Chamberlain,Grace Cook
Winifred Tyndall,Carolyn Wilcox

QUESTIONS (?) & ANSWERS (!)

Question: Was Bellingham ever noted for agriculture?

Answer: Not really. While we did have - and still have - a number of what are called "truck gardens," agriculture such as we find in the towns north of us didn't exist in Bellingham.

Historically, of course, farms were the foundation of our nation. But in that regard, we are talking of home gardens, or where they could be produced, grain crops. As a matter of fact, in 1790, farming was still the most important occupation in Massachusetts.

At that time, Indian corn accounted for about 2/3 of the Massachusetts cultivation, followed by rye and oats. Wheat crops were almost non-existent, so rye bread and corn bread were the table staples.

Rocky land and absence of loam made it very hard for our farmers then and now to make a living, so market production was very limited.

Fruit production, if we want to include it under our agriculture topic did, and has done fairly well to present times.

Bellingham does not produce fruit crops on the scale of the Nashoba Valley, but farm stands here do offer quality and quantity in apples, and to a lesser degree, peaches and pears.

It was in our neighboring town of Medway, that grafting of apple trees was first practiced in New England.

To return to 1790 - a typical farm of that period would have at least one horse, a yoke of oxen, a dozen head of cattle, a few pigs, and probably ten or more sheep for wool. Chickens were few, and egg production was poor.

But there's one agricultural product that's plentiful and welcome each autumn in Bellingham
.....PUMPKINS!

FDD

We've read in Bellingham History the reason not many farmers were among the original settlers of the town was because the area was too rocky.

"In 1685 territory including Caryville and North Bellingham and a small area taken from Mendon on the west, made up about 1/3 of new town of Bellingham and was considered 'wast' land."

"January ye 4th 1692, ye Land neer Mendham and Wrentham is not worth ye laying in a Devident(for division)."

As you travel along back roads, cart paths or just 'take a walk in the woods'---you soon become aware of the vast number of stone walls(some broken and falling down, some in remarkably good condition). If you stop to think of it: Why would someone build a wall in the woods? Where did the stones come from?

Authorities say that stone walls tell the story of New England--from glacier to plow. Stones from the glacier were buried but over the years, through freezing and thawing, these stones were lifted over and over again. Early settlers cleared so many stones from their fields, they were called "New England potatoes". Yes, they were used as boundary markers, but as often the settler needed a place to pile the stones. New Englanders were noted for 'conserving' their movements--"to do the most work with the least effort", so what better place than putting stones off to one side in a pile(what if they were long winding piles?)

According to experts in geology--small rocks in a stone wall usually meant the land adjacent was cultivated and large rocks usually meant that livestock grazed nearby.

Have you ever noticed how quickly an unused plot of land can fill with undergrowth, how quickly trees can spring up? As I travel by stone walls in Bellingham, I try to imagine what was there hundreds of years ago.

QUESTIONS(?) & ANSWERS(!)

QUESTION: (From a ten-year-old): We have heard there were things called "grist mills" in Bellingham. Did they make something called "grist," and where were they?

ANSWER: First, we're delighted to receive a question from one so young! Perhaps one day you will be a member of the Bellingham Historical Commission.

The grist mills did make "grist," in their business of grinding grain. In the early times of the American colonies, mills for grinding grain and sawmills were probably the first to be put in operation. Corn, maize or wheat needed to be ground into meal to be made into bread or rolls. The product of the grinding was known as grist, and millers, the operators of the grist mills were always busy. You might be interested to know that names we know today as "Miller" or "Sawyer" came into being through the trades those persons followed hundreds of years ago, i.e. gristmill or sawmill owners.

The first grist mill in Bellingham that we have a record of was located in Caryville (a section of town named in honor of William H. Cary) on Maple Street on the Charles River near Hartford Avenue. It is possible that a grist mill was running here before 1813, as a deed to Joseph Fairbanks refers to him as a miller. In 1832, Thompson Thayer sold five acres "with a saw and grist mill on the new road over Charles River." This is the location of the old Red Mill on North Main Street just beyond the railroad bridge. That mill was in operation for about 50 years. There are some grist mills that are open to visitors - and excellent examples can be seen at South Sudbury near the Wayside Inn, and at Sturbridge Village. Huge grinding stones are still in place in these mills, and the process of grinding grain into meal can be easily seen and understood.

FDD

SLEIGH BELLS

In the past we've written about sleighs and sleigh-rides, but we've recently learned that sleigh bells had a very important function....The packed snow on the roads muffled the sound of horse's hoofbeats and the sleigh runners moved silently. The bells were a warning to pedestrians that a sleigh was approaching. The bells were required by law in many areas, similar to lights and horns on vehicles today.

ETA



AN OLD EASTER RHYME

"Thirty days hath September,"
Every person can remember'
But to know when Easter's come,
Puzzles even scholars some.

When March the twenty-first is past,
Just watch the silvery moon,
And when you see it full and round,
Know Easter'll be here soon.

After the moon has reached its full,
Then Easter will be here,
The very Sunday after,
In each and every year.

And if it happens on Sunday,
The moon should reach it height,
The Sunday following this event
Will be the Easter bright.

-Author unknown-

THE WAY IT WAS

When Bellingham was a small farming community, children had more vacation days from school and a longer summer vacation. School started the week after Labor Day. We had two weeks off at Christmas and other holidays were celebrated on the correct date, even if it was in the middle of the week. We had one day off for 'Teacher's Convention' usually in October. Summer vacation usually began the second week in June.

Children looked forward to their vacation time and always found ways to amuse themselves. First were the chores to be done and then play time. During the winter, skating and sliding were tops on our list. We'd play snow tag, build snow men, forts etc. In the evening we'd play cards, do jig-saw puzzles, listen to the radio or read. If the day was mild, we'd go for long walks. During all seasons, we'd go to Beaver Pond where we'd skate in the winter and swim in the summer. My family would even have an occasional picnic in a pine grove by the pond.

There were just four of us 'kids' in the neighborhood until summer vacation. Then, four 'kids' would arrive from the city to spend the summer with a neighbor. It didn't take long for us all to get acquainted. For a few years, a family moved into the neighborhood with three boys, making five girls and six boys in our 'gang'. The only time we were home was at meal times and bed time.

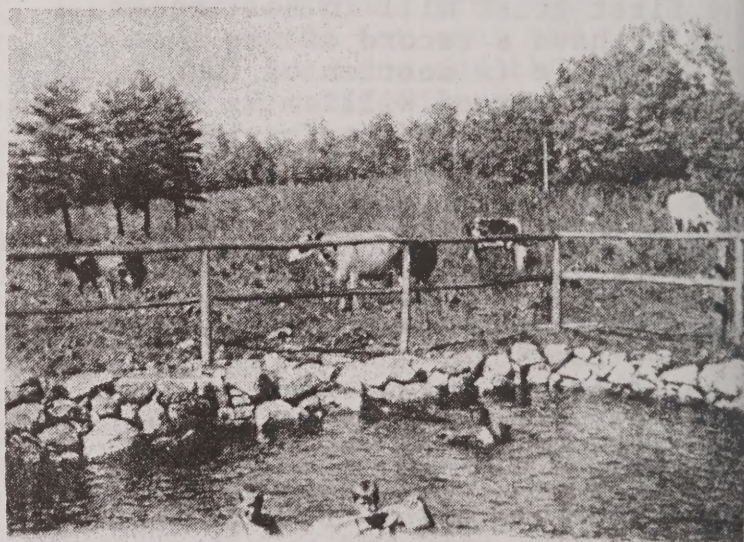
Kick the can and base ball were our favorite summer games. We drove our parents crazy without intending to. When playing kick the can, the greatest place to hide was my dad's big corn field. The plants were high enough to conceal our whereabouts for some time. It meant a lot of dodging to keep out of sight. When my dad spotted corn stalks getting trampled he'd bellow out in strong language to 'get out of there - now!' We'd then proceed to go across the street to continue our game. When all the chickens started to squawk and fly around excitedly, my friends' dad would yell at us and tell us to "get the - - - out of here and stay out!" We'd then go visit a neighboring farmer or go swimming in the small water hole across the street from his house.

One day we were all gathered at the chicken farm. One of the boys had got a 22 single shot rifle for his birthday and wanted to show us what a sharp shooter he was. While ten of us stood around watching, he shot a pigeon off the telephone pole. As luck would have it, a car was coming and the pigeon, with its wings spread, landed on the windshield. The car zig zagged back and forth

across the street as we looked on in horror. The man had seen us but when he stopped and stormed up the driveway there wasn't a kid in sight. We were all hiding - behind buildings, up in the old apple tree or under barrels. While eleven pair of eyes watched, he scratched his head and with a puzzled look went back to his car.

The boys would often go fishing and we girls would make spool lace, read or just talk. One day we decided to go swimming while the boys were fishing. We headed for the old water hole which had been built to supply water in case of fire (before we had town water). It was fed by a stream that ran through a cow pasture. Needless to say, the water was none too pure. It was dark and cloudy. As we got to the water hole we discovered the boys weren't fishing after all but swimming. They were none too happy to see us. They gathered in one corner and were doing some weird maneuvering. Later on we learned they had been skinny dipping when we caught them off guard. They had wrapped their suits around rocks at the bottom of the pool. Their strange actions were caused by them looking for their trunks and trying to put them on.

Quite often someone would yell, 'here comes a snake' and everyone would jump out of the water. It's a good thing a snake didn't appear that day!



There was a rail fence around the water hole. It was fun to balance on the top rail and walk around it. One day as I was walking around the rail I slipped and fell, landing on my chest knocking the wind out of me. As I rolled around trying to breathe everyone was laughing thinking it was a big joke and I was just horsing around. It was the last time I walked the rail.

As we got older, a bachelor neighbor would pile us all in his car many summer evenings and take us to Hixon's for ice cream and from there to Lowell's where we'd get more ice cream. He'd often take us to Nipmuck where we'd all go roller skating.

One summer I spent two weeks with a cousin in New York. I couldn't wait to get home because I knew I was missing a lot of good times.

A little later, as we got older, our old neighborhood gang went their separate ways. I started to chum with cousins from Milford and their friends. Several played musical instruments and we'd often have a jam session at my house. With five guitars, an accordion and a harmonica, we spent some wonderful evenings. The onset of W.W.II put an end to it all. By the time the war was over, our care-free days of youth were behind us - we had grown up.

F.M.M.

DEATHS

Anthony J. Cote
 Alfred D. Perry
 Marilyn L. Wheeler
 Edward J. Eden
 Robert (Bob) Howe
 Martin J. Christie
 Yvonne I. Cote
 Gordon R. Good
 Fred W. Bradeen
 Raymond R. Ladouceur
 Mary J. Mullen (Fr. Mullen's mother)
 John J. Taylor
 Rita (Dufresne) Pouliot
 Edward Whalley
 Phyllis M. (Bilodeau) Dalpe
 Andre' R. Fleurette Sr.
 Joseph J. Woodman Jr.
 Catherine (Moore) Hunt
 Stanley W. Tuttle
 Shirley A. Morrison
 Robin Swezey (Ruth Dore's daughter)
 Marie Paturzo
 Shelley D. Vincent III
 Henry E. Eaton
 Joseph A. Trotter Jr.
 Sarah (Lewis) Laverdiere Normandin
 Patricia A. Provost
 Gladys (Baldwin) Glockner

While in grade school, we were required to memorize a lot of poetry. That, along with poems my grandmother recited for me from her school days has always held special memories for me. One of my favorites was 'Daffodils' by William Wordsworth. I even visited his grave while in Windermere, England. Although we called the poem Daffodils, the correct name is 'I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud'. With spring just around the corner, we decided you might enjoy the poem.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 that floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a cloud,
 A host of golden daffodils.
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the Milky Way,
 They stretch in never ending line
 Along the margin of the bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves behind them danced, but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
 A poet could not but be gay
 In such jocund company;
 I gazed and gazed - but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills
 and dances with the daffodils.

F.M.M.



THE SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND RAILROAD

The concept was on a grand scale; the project would have changed not only the commerce, but the flow of commerce in all of New England.

The project would have threatened the very existence of Boston as a seaport, and it gave Providence, Rhode Island, a promise of enormous seaport traffic to and from Canada.

And before it finally collapsed, the scheme involved Blackstone Valley towns in major land acquisitions, interstate construction, and finally, in the sinking of the steamship Titanic.

It all started when the Southern New England RR was chartered in Massachusetts in 1910, with authority to build from Palmer, Mass., to Providence, R.I., giving the Central Vermont Railway (then controlled by the Grand Trunk Ry of Canada) a through line from Montreal to tidewater at Providence, where extensive dock systems were to be constructed.

Capital stock for the new railroad was authorized to the amount of \$3,000,000, and bonds were issued for \$6,000,000 more.

Boston, which stood to lose its position as an important seaport, protested the formation of the new line, as traffic formerly destined for Boston would now be going to Providence.

The Providence & Worcester RR, a vital bridge route between northern and southern New England, joined in the objections.

But the Southern New England RR, well financed with Canadian and British money commenced building at Woonsocket and Palmer.

Land was acquired by purchase and eminent domain proceedings, and contractors were engaged to build the Massachusetts and Rhode Island segments of the road. There were actually two Southern New England RR companies - the Southern New England RR chartered in Massachusetts, and the Southern New England Ry incorporated in Rhode Island.

In 1911, work on the rail line proceeded at a slower rate than expected. Terrain features, marshy and soft ground, and rock and ledge formations kept the cost high, and the process was further delayed by having to wait for warm weather to build the huge concrete piers for rail, land, and waterway crossings.

In Southbridge, for example, huge embankments had to be created to carry the rails across a small valley; at Douglas, deep cuts for long distances were required. At Millville and Blackstone, massive concrete piers still mark the route of the new railroad.

North of Blackstone, the "tri-level" crossing can still be seen from Route 122. Here the Providence & Worcester RR main line is at the lower, or river, level, the now-abandoned Midland Division of the New Haven RR was at a level above the P&W RR, and above all of this, some 50' in the air, is the Southern New England line.

Work on the SNE ceased for some months after Charles M. Hayes, president of the Grand Trunk Ry died in April, 1912, in the Titanic sinking; Hayes had been a prime mover in the SNE road, and financial backers were upset over the rising costs of the project. Also, suits were filed in the Superior Court in Springfield, Mass., by chief contractor John Marsh of Chicago for \$3,000,000 due him. This was in 1916, and at that time, all work ceased on the line. In the years following, several interested parties were chartered to continue building the road. In 1928, however, when a company called the North Atlantic Terminal Company abandoned its interest, the project ended for all time.

The only trains to run over the Southern New England rails were those used in construction; no revenue traffic was ever carried. Land for the railroad was sold, or returned to original owners, and today, the piers and grades of the Southern New England Railroad stand as monuments to a visionary but failed transportation venture.

FDD

EIGHTH GRADE EXAMINATIONS

by Irma Dovey

If you are one of those persons who are advocating a "Return to the Basics" in education, you may be interested in these questions from eighth grade examinations which all rural pupils in Iowa had to take in the early nineteen hundreds. Try that carpeting problem (Number I) or figure the size of the silo (Number IV).

I was eleven when I took the County Examination in Franklin County, Iowa. By some miracle, I passed, and was able to go to town school in Hansell the next year.

Co-Operative Monthly Examination

NINTH MONTH, FINALS 1918-1919

EIGHTH YEAR

ARITHMETIC.

(Answer any five.)

- I.—A room is 17 ft. and 9 in. long and 13 ft. 8 in. wide. It is covered with carpet $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. wide, costing \$1.40 a yard. Find cost if strips run lengthwise, also if strips run crosswise.
- II.—(a) Define segment, quadrant, tangent. In what are angles measured?
(b) Find the area of a sector whose angle is sixty degrees in a circle whose radius is 15 feet.
- III.—(a) Write a promissory note that is not negotiable, that is a demand note.
(b) What is the responsibility of the indorser of a note? What is it to protest a note? What is meant by surety?
- IV.—A silo in the shape of a cylinder is 25 ft. deep and 16 ft. in diameter. How many tons of ensilage will it hold, estimating 45 cu. ft. to the ton?
- V.—(a) What would a township of land cost at \$213.00 per acre?
(b) A ladder 78 ft. long stands perpendicularly against a building. How far must it be pulled out at the foot that the top may be lowered 6 ft?
- VI.—(a) If a 5% bond is bought at 124%, brokerage $\frac{1}{2}$ %, what is the rate of income on the investment?
(b) Explain the difference between common and decimal fractions. Give examples.

GRAMMAR.

(Answer any five.)

- I.—Write a paragraph of from 100 to 200 words telling why we should plant trees on Arbor Day.
- II.—Write a letter to a nursery or fruit growing company ordering apple trees for a small orchard.
- III.—Give directions for the correct use of "shall" and "will," for "may" and "can."
- IV.—Give the table of verb forms or the conjugation of the verb "go" in the indicative mode.
- V.—Define subject, predicate, object.
- VI.—What is a substantive? A gerund? A participle? An infinitive?

READING.

(Same as Seventh Year.)

ORTHOGRAPHY.

(Same as Seventh Year.)

U. S. HISTORY.

(Answer any five.)

- I.—(a) Why do you think the South favored slavery and the North opposed it?
(b) Discuss The Compromise of 1850 of the Omnibus Bill and the Underground railroad.
- II.—What were some of the principal causes that led to the Civil War? What state seceded first? What are some others that followed? Tell what they were called, where their capital was and who was President of them.
- III.—(a) Mention five principal battles of the Civil War and tell who won each.
(b) Name five Federal commanders and three Confederate.
- IV.—(a) What were two important results of the Civil war?
(b) Relate the story of the fight between the Merrimac and Monitor.
(c) How did the North treat the South after Lee's surrender?
- V.—Tell one fact about each of the following names:
Ku-Klux-Klan, Stonewall Jackson, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, U. S. Grant, Jefferson Davis, John Wilkes Booth and Cyrus W. Field.
- VI.—What events in American History do the following dates suggest: 1914, 1898, 1866, 1864, 1863, 1861, 1850, 1845, and 1820.

CIVICS.

(Answer any ten.)

- I.—When does the Iowa General Assembly (State Legislature) meet?
- II.—By whom is your county represented there? Name the official position of each.
- III.—Name ten of the Allied countries who fought Germany in the recent war. Name two countries who aided Germany.
- IV.—Name the provisions of one of the school laws passed by our last General Assembly.
- V.—Name the members of your local school board. What should be meant by the necessary equipment of a good rural school?
- VI.—(a) What do you understand by "right of suffrage"? Who has this right now in this state?
(b) Why is a government needed?
- VII.—(a) Name the three branches of government. Of what does each consist in Iowa?
(b) Name the two senators from Iowa to Washington.
- VIII.—How many congressmen does Iowa have at Washington? Name the one from your district.
- IX.—Define the following terms: voter, citizen, arbitration, election, armistice, pension, Code of Iowa.
- X.—Name five state officers and tell the principal duties of each.
- XI.—What is a republican form of government? How many townships in your county?

GEOGRAPHY.

Eighth grade pupils write examinations in Geography with Seventh year or not at all as teacher may think best.

MUSIC.

(For Seventh and Eighth Years.)

(Answer any five.)

- I.—Name three great musicians and tell why each is noted.
- II.—A half note gets how many beats in four-four time? In two-two time? A quarter note gets how many beats in four-four time? In three-four time? In two-two time?
- III.—Four quarter notes fill a measure in what time? Three quarter notes? Two quarter notes and two eighth notes? One eighth note and one quarter note?
- IV.—How would you sing a song which is marked Largo? Allegro? Moderato? Vivace? Presto?
- V.—(a) Give the rule memorized last month for finding "do" when signature is sharps. Give the rule memorized last month for finding "do" when the signature is flats.
(b) Turn to five different songs or exercises which your teacher selects and show on which line or space "do" is found.
- VI.—Draw a staff and divide into measures. In these measures write the signatures for the following keys and place "do" in each key: "G," "D," "F," "B flat," "A." Write names of these keys below the measures.

I found this article in a 1980s magazine. It seems to me to still be valid. I thought some of our school-age readers and their teachers might be interested.

MAILBOX NEWS

Dear Crimpville Comments'

I lived on Hartford Avenue near the cemetery in the 20's and 30's. I have read many of your issues because my sister saves them for me. I have been meaning to send a donation for years but just haven't gotten around to it.

Enclosed, I found the other day and thought you might be able to use it.

A great many changes have occurred over the years and I have not been in town in four years.

There was a great sliding hill where Walmart is today. It was in the woods and we had to steer between the trees but occasionally we would crash into one and bend the flexible flyer(a sled).

Incidentally my name was Phyllis Brown and my sister is Janet. Not too long ago you had a piece about sliding on North Main Street in Bellingham Center...I was one of those who enjoyed that sport. WE were not little kids either. WE would pull our sleds or toboggans up past the church and if the snow was just right we could ride all the way to the Charles River bridge. It must have been nearly a mile. You could only make two trips in an evening. Yes, our group went only at night. Once in a while there would be a car, but no sand or salt. This must have been in the late 30's.

I do enjoy your paper and keep up the good work.

Phyllis Rutan

Mama's mama, on a winter's day,
Milked the cows and fed them hay,
Slopped the hogs, saddled the mule,
And got the children off to school.
Did a washing, mopped the floors,
Washed the windows and did some chores,
Cooked a dish of home-dried fruit,
Pressed her husband's Sunday suit.
Swept the parlor, made the bed,
Baked a dozen loaves of bread.
Split some wood and lugged it in,
Enough to fill the kitchen bin,
Cleaned the lamps and put in oil,
Stewed some apples she thought might spoil,
Churned the butter, baked a cake,
Then exclaimed, "For goodness sake!
The calves have got out of the pen!"
Went out and chased them in again.
Gathered the eggs and locked the stable,
Returned to the house and set the table.
Cooked a supper that was delicious,
And afterward washed all the dishes,
Fed the cat, sprinkled the clothes,
Mended a basket full of hose.
Then opened the organ and began to play,
"When You Come to the End of a
Perfect Day."

\$

DONATIONS

Ernest-Rita Sawyer
Phyllis Rhodes
Joan Wheeler
Mr. & Mrs. Ed Gies
Janet-Philip Roach
Carlton-Millie Patrick
Clarence-Marguerite Snell
Gladys McCain
Genevieve Gardner
Aubrey-Ruth Swezey
Ethel Berardi
Phyllis(Brown)Rutan
Winona-Stanley Chamberlin
June Hall Merrick
Bernice-Gordon Bibbins

METHUSELAH

Methuselah ate what he found on
his plate,
And never, as people do now,
Did he note the amount of the
calorie count;
He ate it because it was chow.
He wasn't disturbed as at dinner
he sat,
Devouring a roast or a pie,
To think it was lacking in gran-
ular fat
Or a couple of vitamins shy.
He cheerfully chewed each species
of food,
Unmindful of troubles or fears,
Lest his health might be hurt
By some fancy dessert,
And he lived over nine hundred
years!

Author Unknown

You know you're getting old when
Buying a bathing suit you're not look-
ing to see how much it reveals but
how much it conceals.
When the ad "Help! I've fallen and I
can't get up," no longer seems funny.
You're no longer insulted when offered
a senior citizen discount.
You don't consider yourself prematurely
gray.
You spend more time thinking about your
401K than your 1040.
The words 'hard drive' makes you think
of a winter trip from Bangor to Toronto.
You ask yourself, "What was I just say-
ing or remember what's-his-name?"
When the lyrics of 'When I'm 64' is no
longer amusing.
When it's more fun taking down the
Christmas tree than putting it up.
If people in their 20s suddenly seem
absurdly young.
You couldn't care less about this
week's Top 10 Songs.

When you're constantly saying, "Please
turn that down or Could you please
turn that up?"

When you start thinking about your
obituary and the hymns you like.

F.M.M.

The Cowcatcher

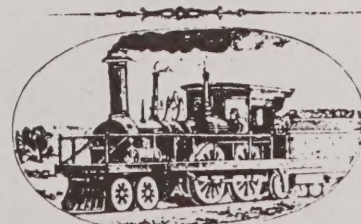
The obsolescent word "cowcatcher"
turned up in a crossword puzzle the
other day, and it was enough to remind
one that there were peculiarities even
in what we think of as the good old
days.

When the railroad was new and
locomotives were built to run at such
unprecedented speeds as 20 or 30
miles an hour, there had to be concern
for accidental obstacles on the track.
In an agricultural age, the obstacles
were likely to be cows. So somebody
unknown to fame designed an iron tri-
angle for the front of the iron horse
and called it a cowcatcher.

So far as is known, no cowcat-
cher ever caught a cow. No doubt it
knocked a good many into "Kingdom
Come" and it certainly was intimately
involved in many a collision. In
spite of its efficient appearance, the
cowcatcher failed to fend off every
obstacle which could derail a loco-
motive.

The amazing thing was that build-
ers continued to put cowcatchers on
every engine for many decades after
their uselessness must have been
apparent. The cowcatcher went on the
locomotive just because it always had
just as buttons still go on sleeves
of men's jackets.

On today's streamliners the iron
triangle has been replaced by a
rounded apron. It still doesn't catch
cows!





BOBSLED DILEMMA